

FRONT PAGE

ANY remarks on our cartoon this week are almost unnecessary, as we think our Familiar has put the situation in a nutshell. Surely the simile is appropriate? The N. W. T. has developed into a fine, well-grown youth, capable in every way of taking his own part in the battle of life; is there any cause for wonder in the fact that he rebels at the injustice inflicted upon him, of being kept in clothes made for him when he was a kid, and fed on such trash as "Prohibition Pap?" Some of our readers may think this subject a chestnut,—we don't and won't! As soon as the absurd policy is done away with, we will be willing to coincide with those who consider it as such. Till then, it remains a crying injustice and a farce, and as such will be exposed by us on every possible occasion.



PRINCE ALBERT.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

I WAS delighted with the first number of The Prairie, which duly came to hand last night. I drink to the health of the latest venture in journalism, in a foaming bumper of, ahem! 4%

Since the departure of Miss Knox and her gifted amateur friends, we have had lots of excitement; the "F" division of the N. W. M. P. gave a nigger entertainment, an "olio" and a farce; as a rule the Police give remarkably good entertainments, but on this occasion they were very weak indeed. The songs were, I am bound to admit, of the poorest class, and the jokes were—well, to say the least of them,—somewhat stale. The "olio" was indeed a mixture, being made up of an Irish character song, a comic nigger dialogue, a questionable recitation, and "My Queen," rather poorly sung. This was followed by the well-known farce "Turn Him Out.

The Methodists were the next to give a concert, consisting, for the most part, of semi-sacred songs.

On Thursday, 4th inst., St. Andrew's society gave a large ball. I wish I had your artist's graphic pencil, in order to give you some idea of the ladies' costumes, but I can only tell you that they were charming. The supper was a decided surprise, and I was particularly struck with, what I imagined were,

haggis sandwiches,—the potent fluid dear to Scotchmen was unfortunately missing.

The authorities here are ordering periodical searches for illicit liquor, but, as yet, have found very little,—except empty kegs, of which a carload and a half left P. A. for Winnipeg, a week or two back. What a lovely thirst some people must have?

Our civic elections are creating considerable stir in our midst. The cry is being raised for more public improvements. Hope we shall get 'em. Will let you know more about the matter next week.

The one thing we lack, to possess a real good snow shoe club is—snow. Our climate is rather sultry. However, we have formed a club, with the following officers: Mayor Knowles, president; Thos. McKay, 1st vice-president; Stephen Brewster, 2nd vice-president; C. R. Stovel, sec.-treas.

Mr. H. Belanger, son of Chief Factor Belanger, of Norway House, came into town lately by dog train from Cumberland.

Judge McGuire is back with us again, having concluded his work at Regina.

A HALF BREED DANCE.

[By Our Own Jiggist.]

HAVING been invited to a dance on the occasion of the marriage of a young halfbreed couple, I prepared myself for a good hour's amusement with these light-hearted people of the Nor'-west. I had some slight doubts that as the revelry had been kept up for two days, that is, since the wedding, the company would be getting tired, and I should be only in time to participate in the wind-up. All my fears, however, were dispelled on arriving at the dancing room. A room about 10 feet square, lighted by half-a-dozen candles stuck on to the walls and a lamp perched high on a cupboard in one corner. In the centre of the floor eight couples were going through a cotillion, to the strains of a violin, played by a black-bearded man, with what Ole Bull said of the nigger playing on the Mississippi steamboat,—"main force." A young breed, over 6 feet tall, was calling with stentorian voice,— "Right and left, balance, swing," and all the rest of it. Seated on benches and chairs placed along the walls, were a mixed crowd of halfbreeds, men and women, young and old, and here and there a white man, some civilians, some Mounted Police. Everybody was in high spirits, as befitting the occasion; and in some cases caused by frequent consultations with another spirit, distilled from barley and rye, and held in durance vile by the limits of a bottle.

After the cotillion there was a general call for a jig the fiddler struck up "The Red River" and a young man led a damsel to the middle of the room and forthwith began to dance heel and toe, springing here, stamping there, and sometimes letting off the exuberance of his feelings in a short, shrill "whoop," resembling the whistle of a locomotive when signalling "down brakes" and all the time dancing with